

ABILENE REFLECTOR

PUBLISHED BY
REFLECTOR PUBLISHING COMPANY.

THE HARVEST.

I watch the golden billows awaiting the scolders
And the corn stands waiting yonder, a splen-
did, glittering sheen;
I hear the reapers coming with merry shout and
song,
Then I see the billows falling in solid ranks
along.

The grain not only falling, but the tender
flowers, too,
And with them tares and thistles are scattered
through and through;
For the reaper reaps a harvest that is heavy
for the blade,
While the voice of the master calleth: "It must
not be delayed."

And thus is the mighty harvest in all our glori-
ous land—
The reaper blithe and happy, there is joy on
every hand;
For toil is sweet to the faithful, reward will
come at last,
So the reaper sings and labors until daylight
hours are past.

I see the harvest over, and mountains of golden
grain
Await the thrasher's pleasure, and it shall not
wait in vain;
For I hear the hum of engines and clatter of
turning wheels—
Let us wait a moment—linger—and see what
this reveals.

You know what we see, good farmer, in fields
now brown and bare;
Where the grain is kept from the thistles—from
thistle and from tare,
And only the grain is wanted, the thistles are
cast away.
While the flowers that died and withered shall
bloom another day.

I see another harvest in the grain fields of this
life—
The wheat is bent and shaken with labor sore
and strife;
But the reaper cometh often, with footsteps
soft as air—
He takes the grain and flowers, the thistle and
the tare.

The harvest is ever ripening to the reaper's
subtle breath—
To the knife of the silent reaper, whose mystic
name is Death;
And we know that the hour of his coming,
whether at night or day,
Nor why he should spare the thistles and take
our flowers away.

In this living and mighty harvest we are grain
or worthless chaff;
We can not serve two masters—God wants no
work by half.
And I pray, when the harvest is over, at the
gathering of the wheat,
I, with the grain and flowers, may kneel at the
Master's feet.

—Guy Davidson, in Good Housekeeping.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

Thrilling Adventure With Raven-
ous Wolves in Norway.

A Foul Caused by a Love Affair Led
Aunt the Howling of Wild Beasts
—Rescued at the Eleventh
Hour.

Where the fir trees began to grow less
closely; where, between their tall trunks
and in their black foliage, gleamed a few
crimson splashes of fire as the sun sank be-
low the horizon; where the snow lay deep
and unspotted, save by the multitudes of
prints of their own restless feet—there, on
the outskirts of the forest, at the wane of
day, the wolves were gathering themselves
together. Hungry they were, and eager for
work to begin. There was no play among
them, no leaping over one another's backs,
or wrestling or growling pretenses at fight-
ing. They were on business—the first busi-
ness of life; to keep life; and to keep life, if
you happen to be a wolf, means hard work
and plenty of it, and the little time to spare
on the amenities of existence.

And now their old gray leaders—warriors
who have survived many a scene of death
and disaster to man and wolf—leap out to-
gether from the woods upon the darkening
plain. They raise their noses, sniff the wind
and shake themselves. One yawns and
stretches his paws, while a puff of hot
breath rises from his tongue, and, as he
shuts his narrow jaws with a snap, sharp
canine teeth, white as the snow itself, glis-
ten in the dusk.

Then begins that long, slouching, tireless
trot, that infernal gallop which beats horse
and man and all things living for combined
speed and endurance. The pack covers
nearly five and twenty square yards of
snow and settles into its stride, each beast
moving and turning in unison with the rest,
as a flight of birds mysteriously wheels in
air. They are Norway wolves these, and
experience has long since taught them what
work will be necessary before supper and a
return to their forest fastnesses.

Note what happens almost at the start.
One little brute suddenly slips and strains
his leg. Fearfully he glances at his com-
panions on the right and left, but they
know not of the accident. All too
soon, however, the pace tells upon the in-
jured animal. Nature asserts herself in the
great gray wolf, his eyes glow like red-hot
embers, his sinews give under him, he
howls his farewell to dear life, and his
place in the ranks know him no more. But
the maimed creature's sufferings are over
almost instantly, for the fittest alone sur-
vive in a pack of wolves. A ravenous fight-
ing mass of fur and legs and teeth closes in
upon him, and he is gone, leaving no mon-
ument more enduring than drops of his own
hot blood, which have fallen and melted for
themselves deep holes in the trampled snow.

Then forward they sweep, the cannibals,
on the best possible terms with one another,
and feeling as you would feel after anchovy
or an olive, or some such preliminary to
some important gastronomic efforts.

But now, ahead, there stands a solitary
tree, naked save where, on its topmost
branches, the dark pine needles struggle in
one shapeless clump, or where, lower down,
dead cones still cling to the parent bough.
In the rough bark at its foot are flecks of
wolf; but the sheep which rub themselves
there in the summer are far away now.

Something of greater interest meets the
wolves here. Along the snow at the base
of the tree and running at right angles to
the course they have till now been taking
extend two parallel lines, cut by the fangs
of a sledge. One vehicle alone has passed
since the snow last fell, but it appears to
have gone by quite recently, for the scent
is strong and the pack take it up without a
moment's halt. Now supper becomes a
probability, for, though there is no sign
of a horse, perhaps two; where there is a
sledge there is also a man, possibly more
than one.

Have you ever heard the howling of
wolves!

I have, seated in a comfortable place of
entertainment, with my mind at ease and
certain knowledge that many iron bars sepa-
rated me from the invisible howlers. Even
under these circumstances the sound was
one that made me shiver and wonder how
nature had produced anything so hideous.
It is like nothing but itself; you can not
compare or contrast it with any other cry
of living things; a gale of wind in the rig-
ging of a big ship at sea is the nearest ap-
proach to it I know. Thin, hollow wails of
sorrow and grief and burst into one
demoniac howl that embodies in its volume
every conceivable note of despair and eter-
nal torture. Then the crescendo dies—
sometimes a thought, suddenly strangled,
more often in long drawn shrieks that fade
upon the ear. There is music in their en-
durance at times; those that I heard were
fairly in tune—but such a tune, such a
droning, flenchy whirling blast of melody
it was. If the nether world has its own

music, that music should be the howl of
hungry wolves—the frantic chorus whose
culmination is death to flying singers, or
fleeing audience, or both.

So much for the wolves I know; so much
for wolves whose hearts are broken and
whose sides have ached often enough under
the heavy whip of their masters. So much
for the tame wolves who do clumsy tricks
and have learned the beauty of obedience,
forgetting, at the same time, the watch-
word of all wolves, that union is strength.
Return we to my pack, which is moving
like one big machine, and the component
parts of which are together giving tongue.

The snow, for them, is in perfect order;
but somebody ahead may perchance find
his horses crashing through the thin frozen
surface at every stride. The darkness suits
the hunters well, but somebody ahead may
be praying for that moonlight which, at
present, only shows silver fringes on a black
cloud. To them, their wolf music is their
inner song; but somebody ahead may
hear nothing more beautiful than his own
passing bell in the distant ululations, rising
and falling and coming over the snow.

Fortunately thought and a pen travel
quicker than even gray wolves; therefore
—though not knowing with certainty
whether it can catch us again before the
end of the story—we will leave the racing
jack and draw level with the sledge.

Here it is, sure enough, plowing through
the snow and spinning out those two paral-
lel lines as it goes. The stout brown horses
are galloping steadily, and the solitary man
sitting behind them does not use whip or
word at present. He must be some miles
nearer home ere the last struggle begins,
and he not only knows the road well, but
can also guess with tolerable accuracy
at the distance which still lends en-
chantment to the wolf music in the dark-
ness behind him. Physically, Rollo
Svanten, is a typical Norwegian—strong
and in the prime of life. He has
been in passing peril from the wolves
before to-day; the rug now wrapped about
him, one corner of which flaps and rustles
in the snow, is made of wolf skins. To-night
he appears anxious, however; his horses
are powerful but not fleet, and in his judgment,
when the journey is ended, there will be a
very short quarter of a mile between his
sledge and his pursuers. As though to en-
courage him, the moon at last rises free
of the far-reaching cloud that, till the pre-
sent, has hidden it. A clear white light
floods the darkness, and the snowy plain
begins to wind out upon every side as the
driver, rising in his seat, casts one search-
ing glance ahead, looks to the fastening of
a big leather bag which is tied to the floor
of the sledge, and then glances long and care-
fully behind him. Yes, there they are, just
a little dark shadow on the waste, a shadow
which one less experienced might have
overlooked altogether, but a shadow that is
moving hardly less quickly than those
sleddes by the rack of broken clouds, drifting
across the moon.

What Svanten had seen in front of him
was a black line on the horizon and a tall
finger post, still far ahead, where two roads
met. What he had not seen, was a figure on
foot, traveling toward the same black line
upon the horizon.

The pedestrian is moving but slowly, and
has very little more running left in him.
The snow retards every step, and clogs in
lumps upon the heels of his boots. There
is no track to go by, but he keeps straight at
he can for the tall finger post. To reach the
black line before those flying feet in the
rear have closed with him, is, he knows, im-
possible; and yet he staggers forward. He
can not help himself. The instinct of self-
preservation would make him struggle on
even though safety were a hundred miles
distant instead of scarce five. And on he
will drag his tired body till he drops, or till
the wolves put him down.

Then comes—think of it—the sound of
sledge-bells in his ears, the one earthly
melody he knows that, in his present sore
strait, can mean succor and salvation. He
heeds it not at first. The Norwegians are a
superstitious folk, and the sound of bells
thinks that the night demons are abroad,
dancing in the drifting snow-veils, laugh-
ing at his agony and tuning the distant howl-
ings into the sound of bells.

Sledge-bells do not always make music.
There is nothing to suggest pleasure and
plumes and nodding of proud equine heads
in the harsh jangle that now rushes down
upon the traveler. Svanten's horses have
long since caught the distant chorus and
their ears are beginning to twitch and their
necks to stretch out. Jangle, jangle, thud,
thud, thud, go hoofs and bells. A hot steam
streams away from the animals, and the
bright red ray of a little lamp in front of the
sledge casts a glow upon their sweating
flanks. The driver is standing up now, and
unwinds the lash of his long whip. His hat
is off and he looks with a frown behind him.
To us, horses and man and vehicle seem but
the incarnation of flying terror; to him on
foot, a chariot sent straight from God.

And thus they meet, these men, these
whom Norway could not show two enemies
more bitter. They are dwellers in the little
village of Joksdal, in Finnmark, the most
northern district of Troms, or Northern
Norway. There had their fathers lived be-
fore them and the had Svanten, rich,
proud and the ancestor of his birthplace,
cruelly wronged Eric Skien, a young herd-
man and a poor one.

An old, stale story it was of two men lov-
ing the same woman. Young Eric had been
every thing to her until the other came
creeping into her heart, ousting the old love
and replacing it with one ten times as pow-
erful. She dare not tell her betrothed, and upon
the eve of her marriage Svanten had stolen
the girl away with her own consent, married
her in a distant hamlet, and, then, returning,
braved the black storm of rage that swept
over him. All believed this step to be one
of most lawless abduction upon the man's
part, and he only thinking for his wife and
her reputation, was content that in such a
belief Joksdal should remain. Eric Skien,
however, was wiser. He had long noted the
change in his sweet-heart, and the blow
did not fall so heavily upon him, therefore,
as his friends supposed. He was a good-
hearted, easy-going, jolly fellow, not over-
quick of comprehension, but a popular man
among his comrades and one with a kind
soul in him. That he would nurse his re-
venge until it grew into something strong
and terrible, and could walk alone, was the
general opinion in Joksdal. But Skien
breathed no word of his future intentions to
any body, and went on living and work-
ing tamely enough, though with most
of the laughter and rough frolic blot-
ted out of his life. It is improbable that he
would ever have seriously set about retaliation
or gone far out of his way to get it.
Dwellers in northern lands, all things being
equal, are not so fruitful of violence and the
knife as hot-blooded men of the south. Nor
have they the same keenness and capacity
for suffering or joy. Their sensibilities
are somewhat more blunt, and there is more
prose and less poetry in their lives, less sun-
shine and more hard work. I speak, of
course, of the lower social classes; Skien
was a shepherd; Svanten, the keeper of a
small inn.

And now—a year after the catastrophe—
they meet, the one flushed and hot and
nearly spent with his hard running, the
other cold and white, and with all his wits
about him. Skien, thinking to see a friend,
looks up at the man in the sledge. As he
does so, anxiety changes to incredulous and
savage joy; the howl of wolves falls un-
der his feet, he clutches hard at some-
thing hidden in his belt and shows his
teeth. The other, with an iron hand upon
the reins, checks for an instant his flying
sledge and keeps pace with his old enemy.
One of the struggling horses, arrested in his
flight for life, neighs and plunges to be free.
The bells clash and jangle; for a moment
the hungry throats behind are silent; over
all the moon shines bright and cold, bring-
ing out every detail of the scene as clearly
as daylight could.

Rollo Skien speaks first.

"Ah, friend Skien, thou wilt have to go
at a greater pace than they present joy if
Joksdal is to see thee again. Graabren
(wolf) travels a world faster and is now

nearer to thee than thou art to home. With
dear to accept a seat! If so, it is at thy
service."

"At last we meet then," gasped the other.
"I had rather seen thee than the truest
friend and strongest horse in Norway. At
last thou art in my hand. Rollo Svanten.
Nay, stay thy horses, or I will do it for
thee."

Fool! Thou dost! Couldst thou stop me
a year ago! Then think not to hold back
these mad brutes here by an act of thine."

For answer Skien leveled a pistol at the
head of the horse nearest him. The barrel
flashed in the moonlight like a knife, and
Svanten, choking in his throat the cry of
horror that rose in it, pulled at the reins,
and nearly overturned the vehicle he drove.

"This is no time for jesting, man!" he
cried. "Leap by me, and do it quickly, or we
shall both be lost."

"And why not? Thou hast left me noth-
ing to live for. Every thing that was good
to me in the world has been taken by thee;
this is my time, and I am peaceful than his
own that I had rather leave to thee behind."

While the horses were nearly dislocating
his shoulder joints, Svanten made an an-
swer:

"Think not that I fear death any more
than thou. If thou wilt wait, but one of
us shall reach his home I care not. I plead
not for my safety least of all at thy hands,
but others plead for it. The past is past,
the wrongs I have done to thee are past, and
past along with them. Stay me if thou wilt, it
is just; but be generous in this hour of
triumph. Save thyself, Skien, I implore it,
and see that what is in the sledge be given
to those I leave behind. Declare, when
questioned, that I fell from my place and
thou couldst not stay the horses to save me."

So he spoke, and a great wave of feeling
passed through the other's mind. Never had
his heavy brain been so stirred, never before
had the possibility of nobility and heroic ac-
tions entered them. Like a dream picture,
as his enemy's words fell upon his ear, he
saw the girl at home nursing her baby,
saw the sledge dash through the village
streets, saw the husband reel into the strong
outstretched arms of his friends, and the
wife's cry of thankfulness to God. That
was all; no vision of his own figure in the
story obliterated itself. A flash of lightning
came not quicker than the thought, as it
filled his brain, transformed every ambi-
tion, passion, desire.

"True," he said, "I have no quarrel with
thee in this home. Thou art a husband,
a father—I had forgotten. Get you gone,
Svanten; my eyes are opened now and I see
far ahead. Fly, man, while there is yet
time; take these pistols with thee, too, and
remember in the days to come there is no
evil between us at the end. Go, I say, the
horses are killing themselves."

He held up the weapons, and finding that
the driver was too occupied to take them
from him, placed them at his feet in the
sledge as Svanten answered:

"Sayest thou this?" he cried. "By
Heaven, Skien, such an enemy as thou
makest is worth a thousand friends. Leave
thee, man! Never! Mount, I command it;
else I will shoot thee myself. Suppose the
God willing, we shall yet sleep in our homes
to-night; if not, then together here."

Eric hesitated for a brief moment. The
thought of a great sacrifice was strong
within him, but his old enemy would not be
denied. His wife and children were in
other's, and most assured both must have
perished had not Skien relented. At last,
therefore, yielding to Svanten's en-
treary, he crawled exhausted on the hinder
seat of the sledge, and not a moment too
soon, the men were well on their way.
(Read without haste the above dialogue,
if timed, would be found to take two and
a half minutes. In fact, however, it barely
occupied two.)

Five short minutes later the wolves ar-
rived upon the spot where the snow is
trampled and Skien's footmarks cease. Now
they are racing, for the quarry shows up
black and clear against the snow, little
more than a mile ahead.

Let us once more hunt with the hunters
and watch them as their feet falling like
the patterning rustle of rain—they come on,
one hustling against another. Their mouths
are open, the hair upon their backs is begin-
ning to stiffen and stand on end, their phys-
iognomies are fixed upon the flying
sledge. A long stern chase has been, and
it seems like to meet with a grand reward,
if all goes well. So yard by yard they get
upon better terms with the vehicle. True,
the black horizon gradually changes into ir-
regular outlines of pine forest; true also,
beneath the trees, gleam sparks of red and
yellow fire that suggests human habitations;
but Joksdal is distant a mile yet, whereas
three hundred yards alone separate wolves
and man. Now, a long pull, a strong pull,
a pull together and then—supper!

Like the bellows of a forge, so the horses
and need not the heavy whip, though that
now and again hisses in the air over their
heads. Great jets of steam burst from their
gaping nostrils, and they show the blood-
red whites of their eyes. Skien slides the
upon the sledge not another word has been
spoken. Svanten drives with magnificent
nerve and judgment, keeping the horses
steadily, but getting every inch out of them
he can. If either comes to a stop, it means
certain death to all. Skien sits crouched up
at the back of the sledge with his face to the
oncoming multitude and a pistol in each
hand. Nearer get the wolves and nearer.
They are now going about twenty yards in a
minute quicker than the wind. The sledge
sledge-rug manufactured from skins of their
defunct kindred, is thrown to them; but
what are dead wolves' coats as an article of
food compared with the shining skins of
those galloping animals, now only fifty
yards in front! It hardly stays them for a
moment.

Joksdal is still nearly a quarter of a mile
off. Svanten jodels, and the clear notes
go echoing forward to the village and back
to the wolves. They give tongue again in
answer and strive each to be alongside the
horses before the other. That last long-
drawn howl may save the sledge, for it has
told them at home every thing. Svanten
sees lights flashing in the distance and
knows that doors are being opened, doors let
loose, and guns hastily snatched from their
places. Twenty-five yards only now be-
tween the sledge and the foremost wolf.
Skien cocks his pistol, and keeps cool as the
Grasbeeren No. 1, is a grand, deter-
mined fellow, believe me. They look at one
another, the man and brute, and there is
more expression now in the wolf's face
than in the man's. One reckoning without
his host, his shark's eyes glittering like
stars, the snarl of the horses, and the
bells ringing on over everything. Twenty
yards, or thereabouts, the human being
feels a pistol trigger under each forefinger
and waits; for it will not do to miss.
Twenty yards, eighteen, fifteen—then
Svanten shouts to his comrade:

"The dogs are coming!"

Skien does not answer, and keeps his eye
upon the foremost wolf. Ten yards off he
is now. The deep baying of his dogs and
the shouts of men mingle with the cry of
the wolves, the snarl of the horses, and the
bells ringing on over everything. Twenty
yards, or thereabouts, the human being
feels a pistol trigger under each forefinger
and waits; for it will not do to miss. Some
among his companions stop to do the last
honors to their old leader, but more than
half keep on. Skien shoots another, and
hurling his pistol with tremendous force
among them, breaks the leg of a third.
Svanten gives the horses their heads and
strikes at the long gray brutes now stream-
ing upon either side. Here come the dogs
at last, fresh and full of fighting. Twenty
yards are, if not more, all eager for a tussle
with the universal enemy. They rush into
the wolves, and at the same moment one of
the horses comes down with a crash, strug-
gles upon his knees, falls again, shrieks,
and is dead. Skien, upon his side, the other, breaking his
trace and lashing out, comes near branding
his driver, but instead catches a wolf which
has jumped at Svanten fair in the chest,

and hurts him back five yards. Skien has
wound his coat round his left arm and uses
a knife with his right. The dead horse
with a dozen wolves leaping at its head,
runs straight into the rescuing party. Then
torches gleam and men yell and fight hand-
to-hand battles with gaunt, dragged brutes
that snap at their throats. The air with
the strong vulpine smell of their kind, and
when a blow gets home, howl and kick out
their lives in the reddening snow.

It was a notable and terrific battle while
it lasted, and forms topic for conversation to
this day in Joksdal. Half the dogs were
killed, and more than one brave man who
rushed to the rescue will carry deep tokens
of the fight to his grave. Svanten came
worst off. His left arm was badly torn,
and one bite in his throat must have been fatal
had the brute who made it jumped a little
stronger. Skien fought like a demon, and
escaped marvelously, with scarce more than
an ugly scratch or two. One horse died
where it fell, the other escaped with its
life, but was ruined for all practical pur-
poses. Svanten's wife, however, looked to
it that the excellent beast should live the
remainder of his days in honored idleness.

And the wolves, though decisively beaten,
were not to be despised. Upon the
thigh they left four and twenty slain and
some eight or nine wounded to the death.
Deeply dejected, torn, maimed, and ex-
hausted, the survivors got back to their
desolate forest homes; and, maybe, the God
that sees it to let them live, provided an
adequate meal before the moon had set.

For, mark you, those wolves, without ex-
actly appreciating the fact, had achieved a
great and splendid work. They had brought
to the surface mankind that is noble in human
heart; they had, in two short minutes,
done that which years of time might not
have done; they had destroyed a bitter feud
and built upon its ruins a friendship which
will stand while the friends have life.—
Longman's Magazine.

EARLY WOMAN'S WORK.

Deep-Rooted Prejudice Against an En-
lightened Field of Occupation.

Although Frances Burney, Joanna
Baillie, Maria Edgeworth and Hannah
More enjoyed in the eighteenth century an
honorable position in the cultured
circles of society, the authors was
held in general discredit as adopting a
vocation not only at variance with the
due discharge of feminine duties, but
incompatible with the modesty that
should ever be the distinguishing at-
tribute of her sex. The blue stocking
was deemed an abnormal creature of a
corrupt society—a fungus excrescence
nourished by decay. The publicity of
authorship must inevitably destroy that
sensitive delicacy of the feminine
character, which was its especial charm.

A due performance of the wife and
mother's duty was irreconcilable with
the essentially masculine function of
writing books. A woman should find
within the sphere of domestic life full
scope for the exercise of any talent she
might possess. Monk Lewis, the au-
thor of a popular romance, reproved his
mother, early in this century, for
attempting to write a tale, and with
that uncompromising frankness of ex-
pression which characterizes near
relatives' rebukes, he informed her
"that she had no business to
be a public character, and that
a female author became that com-
temptible thing, 'a sort of half man.'"

The memoirs of Jane Austen show that
she braved the public opinion of the day
in publishing her well-known works, but
though personally that seems to have
given her little concern, yet to please
her family she had always a handker-
chief at hand to conceal from view the
writings on which she might be en-
gaged when visitors were announced.
Miss Martineau details early experi-
ences of a somewhat similar character,
and it was not until her twenty-seventh
year, when forced by circumstances to
attain the means of self-support, that
she ceased to take precautions to keep
her vocation a secret from the world.

But no lady writer suffered so severely
as Mrs. Somerville from the public
opinion of those days, as her un-
womanly love of mathematics im-
mensely aggregated the guilt of her
infraction of the established code of
feminine propriety. Her afflicted rela-
tives adjured her to give up her dis-
creditable studies, and not to bring
disgrace upon herself and family by in-
dulgence in such unwomanly pursuits.
The evils that a feminine study of Eu-
clid were calculated to produce dis-
quieted the clergy, and from the pulpit
in York Cathedral Mrs. Somerville
was condemned as an offender against
the laws of God, as well as a transgres-
sor of the accepted code of womanly
propriety. The highly gifted Caroline
Herschel, declared by the Astronomical
Society in 1828 to have accomplished
a work "probably unparalleled either in
magnitude or importance in the annals
of astronomical labor," shared with
Mrs. Somerville in the discredit at-
tached to feminine scientific studies.

Even her illustrious brother, imbued
apparently with the prejudices of the
day, seems throughout the long indefat-
igable and loving service she rendered
him to have regarded and treated her
in the light of a useful drudge. And
so little did her nephew, Sir John
Herschel, consider her entitled to any
mark of public honor and respect, that,
when the Astronomical Society re-
solved to present her with a gold
medal for her discoveries of comets
and her catalogue of stars and nebulae,
he most unkindly wrote to his aged
aunt to say that he had "strenuously
resisted" the resolution. The piteous
plaint of her old age, that from the
earliest dawn of recollection, her life
had been one of "sorrow, trouble and
disappointment," must evoke the
deepest sympathy, mingled with indig-
nation at the social prejudice that had
embittered her laborious existence.

Since the day she died, now nearly
forty years ago, the English code of
feminine propriety has undergone a
notable change, and since the more
distant time when Mrs. Somerville
was condemned from the pulpit of
York Cathedral, the change in some
important respects amounts to a revo-
lution.—Woman's World.

—If the loaned book does not come
back, wait for it! A friend out West
writes that he has just returned to
him by mail from 700 miles distant a
book which he had loaned twenty-four
years ago. The borrower died many
years ago, but among some old books
left to his son it was at last found and
returned.—Chicago Advance.

—You can't make a success of dairy
farming unless you know how many
pounds of milk and butter each in-
dividual cow in your herd can produce
in a year.—Cultivator.

THOMAS KIRBY, Banker, ABILENE, KANSAS.

TRANSACTS A
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

Gives Especial Attention to Collections

Buys and Sells Foreign and Do-
mestic Exchange.

Negotiates Mortgage Loans

All business promptly attended to. ly

CITIZENS' BANK

(Malott & Company.)

ABILENE, - - - KANSAS.

Transacts a general banking business—
No limit to our liability.

A. W. RICE, D. R. GORDEN, JOHN
JOHNSTON, W. B. GILES AND
T. H. MALOTT, Cashier.

J. E. BONDRAKE, Pres., T. H. MOSHER, Cash.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

OF ABILENE.

Capital, \$75,000. Surplus, \$15,000.

STAMBAUGH, HURD & DEWEY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

ABILENE, KANSAS.

CITY BAKERY.

T. S. BARTON, Prop'r,

Respectfully invites the citizens of Abi-
lene to his Bakery, at the old Keller
stand, on Third street, where he has
constantly a supply of the best

FRESH BREAD,

CAKES,

COOKIES,

CANDIES,

PIES,

OYSTERS, &c.

to be found in the city. Special orders
for anything in my line promptly at-
tended to on short notice.

Respectfully,

T. S. BARTON.

LUMBER! LUMBER!

LUMBER!

M. T. GOSS & CO.

Respectfully inform all who intend
building in Manchester and vicinity
that they are prepared to furnish

Lumber, Lath,

Sash, Doors,

Blinds and

Plastering :: Material

AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

Call and get estimates before
purchasing.

M. T. GOSS & CO.,

Manchester, Kansas.

TAKE

Missouri Pacific

RAILWAY

FOR

ST. LOUIS AND THE EAST.

3 Daily Trains 3

Kansas City and St. Louis, Mo.

Equipped with Pullman Palace Sleeper
and Buffet Cars.

FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS

and Elegant Coaches.

THE MOST DIRECT LINE TO

TEXAS and the SOUTH.

2 Daily Trains 2